

Newport Mercury

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1863.

Volume 106.

Poetry.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

You have put the children to bed, Alice,
Maud and Willie and Rose;
They have tucked their heads
Under their nightgowns,
And sunk to their slumber's repose.
Did they think of me, dear Alice?
Did they think of me, and say,
"God bless him, and God bless him,
Dear father, far away?"
Oh, my very heart grows sick, Alice,
I long to be in bed;
With my hair pure, white forehead,
And Maud with her curls of gold;
And Willie, an gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee;
Oh, my heart yearns to unfold ye,
My "smiling group of three."
I can hear the noisy day, Alice,
The camp life, gay and wild,
Shouts from my gaudy room,
The thought of my wife and child;
But when the night is round me,
And under its story home,
I gather my cloak about me,
I dream such long, sad dreams!
I think of the pale young man, Alice,
Who looked up in my face
When the drum beat at evening,
And called me to my place;
I think of the three sweet children,
I look at the dear home near,
And my soul is sick with longings
That will not be at rest.
Oh, when will I be home, Alice!
Oh, when shall I behold
Rose, with her pure, white forehead,
And Maud, with her curls of gold;
And Willie, an gay and sprightly,
So merry and full of glee;
And not more than all, the dear wife
Who bore my babes to me.
God guard and keep you all, Alice;
God guard and keep me, too;
For if only one were missing,
What would the others do?
Oh, when will I be home, Alice!
And when shall I behold
Those whom I love so dearly,
Safe in the dear home fold?

THE RESPONSE.

I have put the children to bed, Harry—
Rose and Willie and Maud;
They have sung their hymns together,
And whispered their prayer to God.
Then Rose said, gently smiling,
"Come Willie and Maud, now say
God bless our dear, sweet father,
Father, so far away."
And such a glad trust, arose, Harry,
In each and every heart,
For I felt that God would keep you
Safe in his hand divine.
And I kissed their pure white forehead,
And said, "He is over all;
He counteth the hairs of your head, darling,
And noth the sparrows fall."
Then I sung them to sleep, Harry,
With hymns all true and love,
And I knew that God was listening
From his gracious throne above.
And since that calm, sweet evening,
I have felt so happy, dear,
And so have the children, Harry;
They seem to know no fear.
They talk of your coming home, Harry,
As something sure to be;
I list to their childish prattles,
Nor care to check their glee.
For 'tis a cause so noble,
And you are so brave and true,
And God protects his own, Harry,
And surely will watch over you!
So keep up a brave good heart, Harry,
God willing and He knows best—
We'll welcome you, safe and happy,
Back to the dear home-nest.
And Maud and Rose and Willie
Shall yet, with a moistened eye,
Give thanks to the dear, good Father,
While you stand tearful by.

From the New Orleans Delta.

LITTLE MINNIE'S WISH.

I wish this war was ended,
And father was at home,
Then mother wouldn't cry so much—
Oh! why don't father come?
I'm sure my mother loves me,
But why I cannot tell,
She makes no more new clothes for me,
But sews on clothes to sell.
I asked her once about it,
But mother would not speak,
She only pressed me to her breast,
While tears fell on my cheek.
I'm sure there's something very bad
Has happened, for I know
My mother did not do this way
About twelve months ago.
I am too young to reason much,
But think it very strange,
That just because dear father's gone,
That everything should change.
For since he went away the man
That used to bring us bread,
Has ceased to come along this way—
I'm thinking he is dead.
I see the milkman still goes by,
But why I cannot tell,
He will not stop at our house,
Nor even ring his bell.
The butcher, too, that used to be
So kind, polite and clean,
Will not bring his one bit of meat,
I think he is right mean.
I told my Ma to change this all,
And try some other man,
She sighed and then came down her cheek
Big tears, like drops of rain.
Ma used to have nice furniture,
But why I cannot tell,
She let a man who had a cat,
Haul away all my things.
I wish this war was ended,
And father was at home,
Then Ma, I'm sure, would smile again—
Oh! why don't father come?

Selected Tale.

KATIE'S DOWRY.

Among all the pretty maidens who thronged the mills at Lawrence, there was not a brighter eye or rosier cheek than Catherine Hayden's or Katie, as she was generally called. Her eyes were large and black, and fringed with long, silky lashes; the jetty hair, just curly enough to wave, rippled across the smooth, clear forehead, the cherry red lips were ever curving and dimpled into smiles, while the color in her cheeks was like the heart of a June rose.

Katie would have known that she was beautiful, if no one had ever told her so; the admiring eyes that followed her as she went to and from work, or passed along the street were more eloquent than words. Not that words were wanting to assure her of this "self-evident fact," nor the many blandishments and flattering attentions, with which men sought to win the heart of a woman. But Katie was more discreet and sensible than most maidens are, for though she had many admirers, she had only one lover; keeping all the rest at a proper distance, much to the satisfaction of Aunt Gray, the favored suitor.

There were some who were ill-natured enough to say that pretty Kate Hayden might have looked higher than a machinist, dependent upon his daily labor. But when Kate heard of it, she said, regisly, "that Austin was nearly head and shoulders above her, and that she didn't see how she could conveniently 'look higher' than that."

She had no inclination to do so, at any rate. Austin Gray's life and vigorous form, and kind, honest face, were to her the ideal of true manhood; and as she became acquainted with his industrious habits, and irreproachable character, she determined in her wise little heart that he should be her husband and no other, a resolution which she never afterwards had reason to repent.

But there was one drawback to their happiness, and that was the necessity for the indefinite postponement of their marriage; for they had both prudently resolved that they would not marry until they had the means of procuring a pleasant and comfortable home. To effect this end, they both practised the closest economy. Every Sunday night Austin went to see Katie, and then they compared notes, to find out how near they were to the wished-for goal; forming plans and indulging in happy anticipations, as all lovers have done since Adam courted our first mother, and will continue to do until the end of time.

Austin was an excellent workman, and earned good wages, and at one time, had nearly saved an amount sufficient to enable them to realize their modest expectations. But his generous nature prompted him to lend a large portion of it to a fellow-workman, who promised to repay it in a few weeks, but who soon after, absconded, leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

Soon after this untoward event, our heroine became the object of a series of advances, to which all pretty, unsuspecting girls are liable to be exposed in our large cities.

A spruce young fellow was stopping for a few days at the well-known hotel nearly opposite the depot. He was dressed in the extreme of fashion, wearing a fierce imperial and sporting an immense eyeglass. He had, apparently, plenty of money and leisure, and was evidently, in his opinion, an object of no small importance. He seemed to be quite interested in watching the crowd of girls who passed and repassed to their daily labor; examining all the pretty faces with the air of a connoisseur.

One day his eye happened to fall upon Katie. With an expression of admiration, he raised his eyeglass, giving her a cool, deliberate stare that brought the indignant blood to her cheek.

The next evening, as she was out on the street upon some errand, he stepped up and accosted her. Katie made no reply, though the quickened step and flashing eye would have been quite intelligible to any less concealed brain.

This he continued to do for a number of evenings in succession; until, at last, she avoided going out altogether, unless upon urgent business. This unusual persecution annoyed her so much, that she was several times on the point of telling her lover. But she knew, if she did so, that his fiery spirit would prompt him to take such extreme measures as would be likely to make her the object of public notoriety, and, perhaps, involve him in some personal difficulty. So she kept silent, hoping that her persevering admirer would either leave the city, or give up his dishonorable pursuit.

One day just as it was beginning to grow dusky, she was returning from the post office congratulating herself that she had escaped the company of her usual attendant, when he suddenly appeared round an adjacent corner, where he had previously been waiting for her.

"A very fine evening, Miss—Miss—I really cannot recall your name, though I am certain we have met somewhere," he said, in what he considered an irresistible tone and manner.

Katie did not vouchsafe to give him the information which he was evidently so anxious to obtain, but hurried quickly along, without rewarding him by one word or look for the five speeches which he began to pour forth in lavish profusion.

At last a happy thought struck her, slackening her pace, she seemed to relax, and finally, much to his joy, began to enter into conversation with him, though in a cautious and rather ambiguous manner. In the meantime, instead of going to her boarding house, she turned her steps toward the house of an acquaintance, where there were about a dozen as merry, rosy girls as herself.

She took her gallant suitor round to the back door, over the top of which was a sort of awning, but left open at the side, used by the women of the household as a washroom, during the warm weather.

As soon as they ascended the steps, she bade her companion, in a low and cautious whisper, lay aside his boots and coat while she went in to see if the coat was clean.

Intoxicated by this unexpected confidence, he threw aside his coat and took off his boots. Meanwhile Katie had disappeared. As she did not return after a reasonable length of time, he began to "smell a rat."

For a moment he stood motionless in perplexity and dismay. But he must have his coat at all events.

As he stood thus he heard a titter, and looking up he saw a heavy girl looking down upon him, among whom was the stern girl who had beguiled him.

Just then a bucket of water descended upon him. Rattled furiously, he made a dash for his coat.

The dog sprang forward, and away ran the valiant youth, with Watch in pursuit. The girls next turned their attention to the coat, and were surprised to find that it contained five hundred dollars, and papers which indicated that he was the son of a wealthy and influential New York merchant.

When Austin Gray heard of it he was unwilling to return the money, resolving to thrash him in the bargain. Purchasing a rawhide, he proceeded to the hotel, but on enquiry found that the gentleman had left for New York in the first train.

All those acquainted with the circumstances, counselled Katie to keep the money; but to this she could not be prevailed upon to do, without placing it in the power of its owner to reclaim it, if he thought proper to do so. To this end she consulted a lawyer, who advised her to insert an advertisement in some New York paper stating where it could be found; adding that after a reasonable time had elapsed and nothing was heard from him, she might consider the money rightfully hers.

Accordingly the following notice appeared in a New York daily:

PERSONAL.—The young gentleman who left his coat at a certain house in Lawrence, under somewhat peculiar circumstances, can have the pocket book it contained, by proving property, and paying for this advertisement.

AUGUSTIN GRAY.

As this notice elicited no reply, three months later, Austin took the money, and adding to it something of his own, bought a pretty cottage house in the suburbs, of which our friend Katie became mistress. She still keeps the dowry she brought her husband. Though Austin as often assures her that he would give the amount twice over for an opportunity of bestowing upon its original owner the chastisement he so richly merited.

Miscellaneous.

PLANTATION LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

—Slavery in its Best Aspects.—Mrs. Kemble's Journal.—We noticed several days ago that Messrs. Harper Brothers have in press a volume by Mrs. Kemble, composed of a journal kept by her during the year which she spent on a Georgian plantation. The work is not published; but we find in the London Spectator a review of it from advance sheets, from which we make the following extracts. The Spectator says:

"There is but one argument for slavery which is openly produced in England, and that is something like this: Slavery is, after all, but a name; in every country the laborer is subjected to the power of the capitalist, and the compulsion of hunger, if not more severe, is more regular and persistent than the compulsion of physical pain. For the rest, slavery as a form of labor has large compensations, the workman being saved from anxiety, from the dread of starvation, and from the terror of an old age of poverty and want. Except for the immutability of his condition, an accident accompanying free labor everywhere except in the United States and a small section of Europe, the slave is as well off as the unskilled white artisan."

line of argument seems effective to read a series of letters written in 1858 by Mrs. F. A. Kemble, then the English wife of a planter in Georgia, whose estate on the island of Darien is now occupied by Federal troops, and were not originally intended for publication. The wife of a planter of strong Southern opinions, living on the profits of the system, and not moved, apparently, by any strong religious ideas, Mrs. Kemble had singular opportunities for unprejudiced observation, and the result is a condemnation of slavery more severe than any in which professed philanthropists would venture to indulge. It is a system based upon human misery and degradation, having no end and save the owners profit, no bulwark except incessant terror.

Mrs. Kemble, it will be remembered, was on a well-managed plantation, held by merciful owners, where punishment, by a rule of the estate, was strictly limited, and where the head man was himself a grave, intelligent negro. On this property she found the negroes lodged in wretched huts, with one room twelve feet square, and two little side cubicles like those of a ship. Ten families—sometimes eight or ten in numbers—lived in such, sleeping on mattresses of straw forest moss, and covered with a 'pestiferous' blanket. Each house had a 'little garden,' usually untended and uncultivated, and the inmates and swarming children were all alike crusted with dirt, covered with vermin and stinking from the absence of any habit of bathing.

The infirmary was a long building of two stories, crowded with women who lay under every extremity of suffering, wrapped in dirty blankets, on the bare floor, and shivering with the cold.

It was the women to Mrs. Kemble chiefly attended; among them the forms of suffering were manifold and terrible, for beside every kind of pain to which free laborers are liable, there is one peculiar to the slave women, and of which Mrs. Kemble's book is full until it is sickening to read. Slave breeding pays well, and, as a consequence, the women, transferred to one 'husband' after another, and at the mercy of every overseer—Headman Frank's wife was quietly taken away while the mother was there, kept a year by the overseer, and then returned—prish of child-bearing: the women were everywhere the pride of being valuable to the estate, and wretched creatures worn out with labor still exultingly told their mistresses that they would yield 'plenty of little nigs for mass.' They have frequently ten or eleven children, are flogged when pregnant, and three weeks after confinement driven back to work in the cotton field. The consequence is an illness not often mentioned out of a Medical Journal, pain in the back, and every conceivable form of uterine disease. The one petition of these poor women was for a longer period of rest, and they were flogged for petitioning, flogged, as a pretty young negro herself told the story.

'She had not finished her task one day, when she said she felt ill and unable to do so, and had been severely flogged by driver Bran, in whose 'gang' she then was. The next day, in spite of this encouragement to labor, she had been again unable to complete her appointed work; and Bran having told her that he'd tie her up and flog her if she did not get it done, she had left the field and run into the swamp—' 'Tie you up, Louisa,' said I, 'what is that?' She then described to me that they were fastened up by their wrists to a beam or the branch of a tree, their feet barely touching the ground so as to allow them no purchase for resistance or evasion of the lash, their clothes turned over their heads, and their backs scored with a leather thong, either by the driver himself, or if he pleased to inflict their punishment by deputy, any of the men he may choose to summon to the office; it might be father, brother, husband, or lover, if the overseer so ordered it. I turned sick, and my blood curdled listening to these details from the slender young slip of a lassie, with her poor, piteous face, and murmuring, pleading voice.

The rule is relentlessly enforced, the overseers pleading, what is probably the truth, that if any excuse were accepted, there would be no end to the contrivances to obtain the much desired rest.

Among others, a poor woman named Mlle, who could hardly stand for pain and swelling in her limbs, she had had fifteen children and two miscarriages; nine of her children had died; for the last three years she had become almost a cripple with chronic rheumatism; yet she is driven every day to work in the field. She held my hands and stroked them in the most appealing way, while she exclaimed, 'Oh, my missis! my missis! me nebbel sleep till day for de pain,' and with the day her labor must again be resumed. I gave her fannel and sal volatile to rub her poor swollen limbs with; rest I could not give her—rest for her labor and pain—this mother of fifteen children.

This eternal labor was supported on two meals of hominy a day, one of them eaten after six hours of hungering labor.

Mrs. Kemble found that the laws against

the slave's reading were strictly enforced; she was told by her own overseers that her presence among the slaves was full of danger to the institution; her husband forbade her to present petitions, and she was finally compelled to leave the South, utterly unable to endure the reign of her own powerlessness. And this is an inevitable incident of slavery, and prevents even the influence of involuntary benevolence from above. Suppose, for example, a slave-owner full of intelligence and courage, chose to rely on the military force which is always in practice behind him, and treat his slaves as the Roman patrician did, i. e., retain his despotic power, but cultivate every man to the limit of his ability, making one a scholar like Horace, another a physician such as St. Luke probably was, a third an armed athlete, such as every slave gladiator must have been. The system, under the pressure of modern ideas, would collapse in a twelve-month, and the planters, well aware of the fact, intercept the danger at the beginning, by making intelligence a crime. The slave can never improve, for he can never learn.

Here is the story above alluded to.

Headman Frank's Wife.

'She was the wife of Headman Frank, the most intelligent and trustworthy of Mr. ———'s slaves; the head driver—second in command to the overseer, and indeed, second to none during the pestilential season, when the rice swamps cannot with impunity be inhabited by any white man, and when, therefore, the whole force remains entirely under his authority and control. His wife, a tidy, trim, intelligent woman, was a pretty figure, but a decidedly negro face, was taken from him by the overseer left in charge of the plantation by the Messrs. ———, given to the all-efficient and all-satisfactory Mr. K. ———, and she had a son by him, whose straight features and diluted color, no less than his troublesome, discontented and insubordinate disposition, bear witness to his Yankee descent. I do not know how long Mr. K. ———'s occupation of Frank's wife continued, or how the latter endured the wrong done to him. When I visited the island, Betty was again living with her husband—a grave, and thoughtful looking woman, whose admirable moral and mental qualities were extolled to me by no worse a judge of such matters than Mr. K. himself, during the few days he spent with Mr. ———, while we were on the plantation.

This outrage upon this man's rights was generally noticed among all the slaves. The same overseer, the instant there was dispute between husband and wife, used to separate and re-marry them to other slaves, celibacy for any period being unprofitable to the owner. The children die horribly fast, faster, even than among the outcasts of London; and, as for religion, the most successful overseers are utterly opposed to any mode of religious teaching. On this plantation a slave was allowed to preach; but the creed which teaches that all men are brothers, is a dangerous one for a slave plantation. To make the system consistent, the planters should be Mohammedans; but even if they were, why woman who had borne a child to her owner, every child of a white man, and every slave endangered by violence in life or limb, and so the plantation would be depopulated. As a rule, according to our authorities, the negro is brutally ignorant, the women unable to tell their children's ages; the men unable to do anything, except the work to which they are flogged. The system, wholly apart from its merits or demerits on moral grounds, establishes barbarism as the condition of the laboring class, and consequently cripples society at its base.

We have one more extract to make—a testimony to the condition of the mean whites on the pine-lands, the class whose existence is so stoutly denied by men familiar only with Maryland and Virginia.

The Poor Whites.

I speak now of the scattered white population who, too poor to possess land or slaves, and having no means of living in towns, squat (most appropriately it is so termed) either on other men's land or Government districts—here always swamp or pine-barren—and claim mastership over the place they invade until ejected by the rightful proprietors. These wretched creatures will not (for they are whites, and labor belongs to blacks and slaves alone here) labor for their own subsistence. They are hardly protected from the weather by the rude shelters they frame for themselves in the midst of these dreary woods. Their food is chiefly supplied by shooting the wild fowl, and venison, and stealing from the cultivated patches of the plantations nearest at hand. Their clothes hang upon them in filthy tatters, and the combined squalor and ferocity of their appearance are really frightful.

These are the so-called pine-landers of Georgia—I suppose the most degraded race of human beings claiming an Anglo-Saxon origin, that can be found on the face of the earth; filthy, lazy, ignorant, brutal, proud, penniless savages, without one of the attributes which have been found occasionally allied to the vices of savage nature. They own no slaves, for they are almost without exception abjectly poor; they will not work, for that, as they conceive, would reduce them to an equality with the abhorred negroes. They squat and steal, and starve on the outskirts of the lowest of all civilized societies, and their countenance bears witness to the degradation of their natures. To the crime of slavery, though they have

...and themselves to a foreign power at a price rather than be subjugated. But in respect to mediation, the latest news is that Khussum denied in the House of Lords on the 26th the truth of the statement that Nazim had then renewed his overtures for a mediation between "the Indians and the Government."

A good opportunity is offered to induce him to purchase wagons at the auction sale, this morning, at No. 10 Broad street. See advertisement.

Rev. ARTHUR A. WRIGHT has been called to the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal church in Middletown, which was made vacant the death of Rev. A. G. GARDNER, who was elected by the conference to that station. WRIGHT is a young man from Providence, and is about to graduate at Wesleyan University.

It is exempt. If the man drafted is not exempt under the above provisions he may pay \$100 when he will "be discharged from liabilities under that draft," while the man who furnishes a substitute will "be exempted from military duty during the time for which he was drafted."


the President is now confined in the
St. Johns Hall, three miles north of Wash-
ington, and rides in every morning, escorted
by a military force.

the sound of shells, as completely filled
tunnels that all else seemed forgotten.

The enemy, and the rebel General Armistead, led the charge, wishing to steady his coil- ed, baited it for a moment at a fence. Gen. Webb seeing, called out to his brigade, "Charge! the enemy is ours." And true enough was. The commanding Gen. Armistead and 6 men were captured by the closing in of Second Corps on the right and the First on left.

The enemy was driven back over the fields, greater slaughter. The enemy then with-

GAS PIPING
AND FITTING done at short notice and warranted to give satisfaction, by
W. M. H. BLISS,
March 21 116 Thames street.

For Sale.
 TWO GOOD MAKES for work.
May 2. CHAS. WILLIAMS.

ASSASSIN, Croton Mills, Manhattan. Use